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Contagion destroyed.
For Frosted Feet,
Chilbinins, Piles,
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Rheumatism cared.
Bon White Complexiom secured by its use.
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our present affliction wite
Scarlet Fever with decided advantage. It is
indispensable to the sickroom. – WM. F. SANDPORD, Eyrie, Ala.

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superby to any preparation with which I am acquainted.—N. T. LUPTON, Prof. Chemistry.

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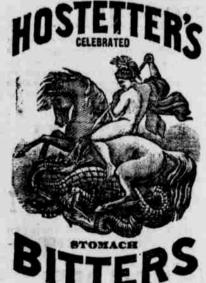
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hich speedily cures such ailments of the HURAN FLESH as Rheumatism, Swellings, Stift oints, Contracted Buscles, Burns ad Scalds, Cuts, Bruises and grains, Poisonous Bites and tings, Stiffness, Lameness, Old ores, Ulerrs, Frostbites, Chiliblans.

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Of every class and at this office.

the same as Louisville. - and no less wariness, for they were weak tain representing Niobe in Tears.

# THE BRECKENRIDGE

CLOVERPORT, KENTUCKY, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 22, 1883.

Written for THE BRECKENSIDGE NEWS. THE DYING WIFE'S FAREWELL.

My spirit beats its bars of clay, It struggles to be free; The Master beckons me away,

The Saviour stands upon the shore, To bear me o'er the tide; Do not detain me, I implore, Bright angels round me glide.

The waters cold I do not fear, Weep not for me, I pray; Why dost thou shed that precious tear? O! ask me not to stay.

The other shore is wondrous fair Beyond your utmost ken; And hosts of angels waiting there; Do not detain me, then.

I long to walk the golden street, To change there pains for case; To cast my crown before His feet, And rest beneath the trees. I'll bathe my limbs in gladdest streams,

Which from the throne do flow, And glance my Saviour's leving beams; You'll let me go, I know. You tell me that my children dear

So need a mother's care; You tell me of the orphan's tear, Of pain and toil and snare. His promise now to me is sweet, His word to me is sure:
"I'll guide the wandering of their feet,
"I will their ways secure.

"I am the orphan's friend," He cries,
"The children are my care;
"To meet their mother in the skies
"I will their hearts propare."

Trust Him, my love; do not gainsay
That all His ways are best;
He'll feep my darlings till that day
They enter into rest;

And as they come, their journeys o'er, Unto the heavenly land, Whene'er they reach the shining shore I'll meet them on the strand. And, then, forever with me there, They'll dwell in heavenly place, Where sin nor sorrow ever dare The lovelings of His grace.

Weep not for me, but always sing The triumphs of that grace;
'Twill surely, too, my husband bring
To my waiting embrace.

### THE FOOL'S REVENGE

CHAPTER I.

Every traveler in Italy should take with im, besides his modern guides, some of those rude and yet exceedingly faithful war, time and decay, the now dead cities the main lines have changed; even the streets dedicated to certain trade patron saints are lined with the booths or stalls of

store "the city of crockery" to its mediaeval aspect; only, one must imagine the glass windows clean and unstarred, the stone fresh from the quarry, the hemmed in, suffocated vines and trees freely blooming in broad convent gardens, and the stagnant canals and sluggish river glittering with animation, and pure from their mountain springs.

When, in 1488, a war-worn freelance. the gray and glorious Guido Malatesta grandson of the great head of that house Sigismund, Lord of Rimini, selected Faen za as a refuge in his sixtieth year, and shelter for his bride of sixteen, it was a pleasant town, notwithstanding the gloom cust around, morally, by the character of its sovereign, and that, more material, if its fifty religious structures, with sky-tickling spires, and the huge piles of the liege

lord and the guilds' halls. Guido was a type of the fighter for his own hand of that age; tall, all bone and muscle, haughty, grim, with sharp, gray eyes, hawkbill nose, swarthy complexion. hair flattened down on his brows, and pressed in a circle by the helmet he had always worn from boyhood up. His soldiers, of any nationality, liked him because he was just in severity, and reserved blind fury for charges on the enemy. Age had strengthened his command of self; but even after fifty, his hand flew to his dagger-of-mercy in his girdle when an argument waxed warm, or was even unduly lengthened. That was the measure which he contemptuously flung down on the table when a question arose among the debaters after an action as to the duration of a truce. "As long as my knife from haft to point!" he had said. It was scorn for trifling, not rash hastiness, for to the period of his recent marriage, the princes who had employed him, had never accused him

of committing a foolish deed. To say that he had accepted the invitation of the Duke of Manfredi without misgiving, were advancing too much. For Faenza's master had a reputation of magnificent hospitality, which was only too cordial when a fair dame was at his board. But Mulatesta had no doubt trusted to the fear which his tame inspired; an old man who was not so worn or weary as to be unable to rally a thousand dare devils for any enterprise, was not to be lightly irritated. Besides, the bandsome duchess was reputed jealous a Bentivoglio in blood, who might not scruple to use poison or steel upon her mate if he offended, as the courtiers said; vexed themselves at her disposition for marring sport. Happily for their prospects, it was whispered by her waiting maids that the lady was going to Bologna to her father's on a visit about the time when the Countess Malatesta

came to town. In the garden, inclosed in a thick wall of the ducal palace, some petty noblemen kind neatly executed were amusing themselves. They spoke of the matter alluded to above, and all'the while eved with merked repugnance-for And our prices are they were young and comely—and more in his long-bagged cap, as he went to gaze malevolence—for they were dull and vapid on the leopardess in its cage by the foun-

against such a foe-the familiar spirit of Galeotta Manfredi.

tion which made him spiteful.

court he was the acknowledged master of tongue-fence, hitting through faults in answer as if he knew them all by instinct, cracking his jests upon not merely his own lord, but on Medici, Imola, Venice, all the mighty men of Italy All hated him because they never could doubt that he bore no one good will.

Nature and wan had made him mo slaves swore roundly at the oar, but this

that it was Bertuccio who depraved him, imp of Satan, only to make his vice and tyranny move odious.

Friendless, alone, not even sure of his master's protection, a more unenviable position than the toad's, amid the gold, your boots." silk and velvet, could not be imagined.

Nevertheless, he strode about on his crooked limbs, showing his yellow and jagged teeth, apparently as confident in woodcuts or copper-plates which served as bis protective venom as a tarantula, topographical photographs to the Imagin- though he guessed that whenever three ary Voyager of the Middle Ages. Spite of lords held their heads together, it was to devise some rare revenge that would flay will live again to those who study how little the tough hide off his hunch for the wordbeatings he had given them.

foundations remain, the monastery may be man to whose melodious accents there a grapary or a wheelwright's, the princely was an attention rarely accorded in that

He approached the troubadour uncere moniously, breaking in upon his wail at the scarcity of loyal friends with a verse of

practical philosophy: "The one wears false faces, The other embraces His dupe, and disgraces! Let bears steal the honey,

'Peace, thou wanton wag!' said the in terrupted poet, with less warmth than more of your words in susppish sort!"

low noble jingling his chain, four times round his neck, and the ends pendent over his purple doublet plentifully peppered with pearls. "Go hence, you naughty varlet with the viper tonguel go, wag your long beard-badge of your foolery, in the teeth of the leopardess lately put in the lion houses. Her talons may scratch

"I. Ascolti," said the jester, while turn ing away. "Like yourself, I do not pursue making chains for unfaithful hounds, and you would not be wearing them."

the tone of the Roman of old.

"To the beast who is content with one collar and a single chain-there be such modest cats."

"Away, bad stalk of a worse stem. "And you stay to listen to poetry, Midas mid asses, grease-spot on an illustrious house; when you vaunt of the heat of action, you mean that before the kitchen

"Silence, fool, or-" "I shall be laddered and mitered? But my paper cap will protect my head better than your new helmet which is never worn and up my ladder I only go to the pillory.

plentiful means of annoyance, calmly went his way.

Before him there began a little bustle in the courtyard; servants were preparing a horse-litter by prodently undecorating it. for the roads over the Apennines were coverts of disbanded soldiers, as brigands styled themselves; and stronger men were

The tool indolently sunned his party olored clothes, and softly jingled the bells

"So sleek, so graceful, and so dangerous!" said he. "I long to see her let loose. Trust me to draw the bolt, and loose my leopard, when the time comes," muttered he in a barsh voice, which was more brok-

ess with a final fillip of an apple-pip at its ear, which caused it to snarl without opening its eyes.

"It is my lady," he muttered, "in all her pride! the leopardess coroneted! Hum, ha! Her lightness and brightness doth cast such a splendor, There's none that's fit but the stars to attend

But, though now so pleasant and sweet to the who'll care for my lady a hundred years

The harsh locust like voice touched the ears of the Duchess, and she singled him out with a jeweled finger for the honor of at the wing of the building in the shadow the poor folk squoiled like rooks under the | helping her into the dismantled litter. She | of which he was coming; "try which of the retained him, too, with his head within the

"Bertuccio," said she, bending on him her big black eyes, burning with profound feeling, "I must go to my father, averse wretch was bound to muffle his misery in though I be to leave my soft hearted husband along with that baby-wife of Guido the Freelance. But I rely on your faithfulness, whom others call faithless, bitter, loving wrong for evil's sake, my lord's worst counselor--'

"Ahem, how we are flattered!" remarked the jester, twisting his mouth like an antique mask of Pan.

cap," she went on, studying his face profoundly. "You know that by 'kneeling to the fire you will save yourself burning

straps in the end, for I will go through hell-flame for your grace," was the blunt reply, as he, in his turn gazed, undaunted by her beauty, into her eyes.

rival. She was young and famed for loveliness. Her black tresses had a waviness in them which admirably amended the somewhat exaggerated length of her fertures and lessened their olive tint; her eyes were ever full of fire, burning now slowly but never smoldering, seldom laughing, but on the alert with intelligence. Her palace a lyceum or a picture gallery, and court. "The middlemost man of those simplest movement was full of nobility. the mill on the river a wash-house, but green and fresh youths, but I will admit it, and bore witness to the perfection of a figinnumerable flowers in colored stones with stems and leaves in silk and metal, threada satin mantle, with a wadded hood to cover her hair, in which an endless string of drawn in at the waist with a gold and

munings, you can, for you're private with

could not imagine the hidden dialogue was anything but merry.

"Seal your missives with this," she proevil act, and so let me strike sudden in the full flush of their guilty joys, and strike home. No Bentivoglio pardons," added

"Everything bad is possible," said Rigoletto grimacing amusedly, "there are more men in jail than women at prayers, but there is no such a thing as taintless fame, and nothing is so dangerous as a king who seeks pleasures."

"Dangerous to himself also;" she

emnly. She knew all that his movement signified, but little cared for her own peril; no doubt the town was her busband's, every stone and soul, from the Ravenna gate in the north to that of the canal in the south; from the hospital in the east to the Imola gate opposing. The courtiers, natives, hated the Bolognese ar each Italian citizen detested all others; the townsfolk liked the Duke's liberality, and his taste rarely tell on their wives and daughters; it was their chestnut wood coffers on which their knives and picklocks were eager most to be whetted. The lady of the foreigh house knew that she had not an ally within'the walls.

"Tush!" cried she, careless who liteard her till he hushed her with the laying his finger on his lips. "Give me my vengeance. Then come what come may. Enough," she said, loudly "I am resolved, Berthecio, remembert"

gate departed from the town, and soon was upon the road, impregnated with the Duke and our lady and men of properbalmy odors and the fine seeds of grasses ty; but I shall oon have no claim to be one and weeds, sparkling in the undulating of the latter. It is settled; I have coaxed sunbeams. Here and there a venturesome tiller glanced up timorously and prepared to flee with his spade if the force should be

mediaeval husbandman of hourly terrors. Her confidant looked after till the gate-

"These proud ones of earth seem to think nobody has wrongs but themselves! ha, ba! votgi e glorios-we remain akin m that, but there is a difference; if mostly ye proud ones avenge yourselves in a common way, we that are vulgar obtain our vengeance in a glorious fashion. So mote mine be! She says that none but she means to revenge them? No Bentivoglio pardons, nor does Bertuccio. That vile, twisted, withered, hunch-backed, court buffoon; a thing to make mirth, and to be made mirth of, a something betwixt ape and man, but he claims to run in couples with your ladyship! You hunt Manfredi -I hunt Malatesta," said he, looking up two has sharper fangs!"

"Say what you will, Ascolti," observed one of the knot of nobles, who had left the poet to his own devices as they saluted the departing duchess, "the highway is none too safe; and I would have sent fifty spearmen with my lady, instead of two tens of bowmen. The chief defect of my lord is that he trusts to the head; to craft and not to arms."

"You are unfair, my Lord Torelli." interposed the buffoon intervening abruptly; legs! Yours did famous service in carrying you out of danger at Sarzana. I think they may be trusted."

All laughed merrily except the victim, who scowled and cried: "Thou scurrilous knave! I'll be even

with thee." for a hump would be a sore disfigurement upon a back that you'rs so fond of show-

"This rogue needs gagging," grumbled

mercy! Well I ween how ugly it must sound to a Florentine Embassador, like Lord Ascolti."

the slave is paid to find us wit—"

bound to impossibilities!-'tis a known maxim of the law how then can I find wit for an Ordelaffi?"

"Toad!" said he. "Foul mouthed scof- even came forth from the cover. fer! Warped in wit and limb! My lord . "At all events she may be a sword

"Enough and to spare when your hanging day comes," retorted the jester. I leave you to your reasonining, for yonder is our poet, Serafino, awakened by your little money and much flattery, I shall be loud appreciation of my quips, and he may

need some rhymes." "Let's complain to his grace," suggested

neighbor, stung more acutely. "Who laughs when he is not the target, Not I! I'll have a revenge achieved with mine own hand," said the Florentine.

"But how? how?"

"Hides in the library. He's fond of books. He has no old friend; so he dwells with an old book. There's Pierre of Provence and the Twelve Peers, and Deeds of the Giants who were Prince's Sons, and such like fiddle-faddle. He draws his quips from these wells of wisdom."

"Ha, ha!"

"Follows the Captain Malatesta like a shadow, wherever he goes in town."

"Bab, that's upon his lord's business." "Well, I," said the Florentine, with unconcealed scorn for these dullards, "I have followed your merry-andrew. Better than I you all know the Blackened Ward, where, a hundred years ago, the Englishman Hawkwood leveled the city? Well, near the Holycross Mill, in a stone house,

"If," said Torelli, quickly, "there is potable gold or a money bag in view, I would plerce the mystery. As for the devil-" Here he hesitated, but, as all eyes were

upon him, valorously continued: "I care as little for Satan as the carp in the fountain-basin yonder for apples," "Pish!" cried the Florentine, testily.

They united bands now to make the descent; all save Seratino, who fought shy from the moment the idea was broached. The Blackened Ward bid fair to be illumined strangely in a few nights. Indeed, only one failed at the first council

"I shall be put in prison for losing all my

loyal to one's order to sing: Long life to Peter and tensed Paul, but they will not lend a broad piece."

up his boots, pulled ont his mustaches, pulled in his deceptive purse, and stoutly

But as the shade darkened and he approached the quarter given over to lepers; Jews, gypsies, beggars, and other gentry who shrank away from the watch-house, his pace slackened like the criminel at the cart tail who went so slowly under the lash that a humanitarian remonstrated and received this tolerably cynical reply, "I am not going to move any faster to relieve your feeling beart than to relieve my own shoulder, and the more the thong falls

Presently Torelli stopped altogether; not at a lion in his path, nor altogether at a lamb. A rarely good looking lass had paused like himself and only a few steps before him, between the stone staging on which executions were performed and the cross let into the wall of the public granary,

"By all the vagrants who trudge Lighway with an oak tree slip in one hand and t'other put in their bosom, this is no common widow of the pillory!" cried he in delight, as the girl, kneeling to the carving in a large niche could not but skow a marvelously neat ankle beyond her curtailed petticoats. "But, but-mother o' me! she's making a blunder no novice could commit! She's standing up her lighted candle to the Dragon under the heel of St. Michael? However," he added, with a touch of the rebellion to the Church common to his class, "she best knows-or

gibberish unfamiliar to the listener, the girl sprang to her feet, having heard him breathe, and she spied him with her large, bright eyes, black as a carbuncle, in the gloom deepening around the pillory.

"Tis a Bohemian!" he cried. "After all, she was quite right to burn her taper

The stranger was a buxom young girl, peculiarly provoking in her mien and beauty, which her sordid frippery did not but partially eclipse; like the chameleon, she ceased to be herself in aspect every five minutes: nervous, fantastic, full of starts and turns like a born dancer, she stood with the piteous expression of a startled fawn, but the very pext instant her glare was that of Diana setting the pack upon

Torelli fell back a step till the stone pile All laughed again, save the Marsyas who arrested him, but as the gypsy smiled in-

swallower, but it's a little mouth;" he reasoned, "and she will to attempt to ingulf me. To her, my man; after all, these gypsies spy out every thing, and, with a' well informed on how to reach Bertuccio's money-chest before these hang dogs, my

But, spite of his self-adjuration, he re mained rooted to the spot, while she advanced to him, and stopping short to trace with a pointed slipper an arabesque in the straw-interblended sand at their feet, she said, in a pleasant voice, though slightly metallic and hollow from a life in the open air:

"Crust or crumb?" Staggered for a moment, the gallant had just enough freedom in his surprise-benumed brain to see that the formula was some challenge of the beggars in general, or to a visitor of his degree in particular. and, arousing more and more, concluded sapiently enough that he was mistaken for last Sunday was represented by a goodly a seeker of the truth on the future, of a vial of poison, of a dye for the hair, or some other vendible invention of the Bo- and sister, Sam and Willie Payne, Nick

hemians. So he evasively responded "It you mean which is to my liking, I and others. take the crumb of the loaf of life. If ever I live to be old my gums can revenge themselves on the crust, for having been

At which the gypsy laughed merrily. "It is not the Florentine," she murmured

n English. But of a verity, Torelli was at his best that evening; the word Florentine was that place. A farmer named John W. sufficiently like the name in his own tongue | Hannon found the bones protruding from

to be a clue, and he hastened to cry "But crumb or crust, it is sugar and cake that are due to you, Queen of the East, and though I am but the envoy of Signor Ascolti, rely on myldoing honor to my mission," and smiting his purse, its cheating

"Oh, his name is Ascolti, is it," said she "The devil is blind sometimes," thought the noble, joyotsly. "Methought I was ignorant, and lo! I have brought her the key of a secret. If it were not a woman I should make her pay, and not bestow my riches upon her. What magnificent eves! He daringly put one arm around the supple waist, as much from reviving gallantry as to help her over that ingenious perforated plate in a box in the ground, which formed a receptacle for the body of a condemned man, upon which was poured, by the apertures in question, water, or oil, or metal, cold, hot, boiling or molten, as the sentence might prescribe.

"Tis the torture bed," he exclaime Quite a superfluous explanation, for she happened'to insert her pointed slippers in one of the rounds, and freeing herself from his clasp without an effort, she cleared the seven feet with a tremendous yet easy leap. "Death of my lite!" ejaculated he; "the fellow they blistered last St. Lawrence's Day was one of her tribe. What's the soul, if they have souls," he corrected himself Tis a devoct creature, after her own fash

As the girl did not continue her flight he speedily rainined har; but her flushed chasic under the copper tinge, and her awakened eyes in fierceness; did not counsel him to

place his arm again about her. "Is Signor Ascolt het coming for his peep by night at the neighbor?' she queried in a business tone which placed film on

degraded footing. Oho! hem! Nay, not yet. It is. I who. am to replace him with my own observation of the hunchback's orchard."

She laughed brightly. "Queer drchard," she remarked; never saw any other fruit than ravens," "Nothing to crow over then," he respon-

ded, laughing. "Hush!" she lifted one thin finger de precatorily. "This ground is peopled with phantoms, come away. They are headless, limb-broken, eyes so largely opened to be

full of horror; come away!"

Her carnestness caused him to follow like a spaniel at her heels out of the execution place into a narrow, ill acented, u'i lighted alley winding between decrepit dwellings, most of them roofed anew with the charred fragments of the previous up-"If Ascolti, who is no Hector, has trav-

eledthis perilous path, why not I ?" Torelli asked himself, "They dare not murder a friend of the terrible Duke, and they can' not what you may call rob me." From one of the ramshackle habitations issued a series of screams and wails,

the irregular time to it beaten with crashes of furniture. "A den of demons?" he breathed bur-

rying past. Do not let Matamort hear you say that, she replied. "'Tis a most devout man." "Indeed!

"Yes; he's going to confession to-morrow and, as he has a short memory, he is threshing his wi'e, as usual; for she is suff. to cast in his face all the peccadilloes sie knows he has committed."

Torelli made a wry face, as hideous as those carved on the ends of the fronts of a once messive, but now wrecked mansion, through whose jutting timbers they thread of their way. He was out of his depth among

such ingenfous and conscientious devotes.

Darker and darker the rugged road had become, but the girl darted on with a light step, the glitter and jingle of her coarse jewels being his guide for ear and eye. Suddenly he heard the drip of water, and, a tittle starlight aiding, he conceived he was near the mill of the Holycross. Consequently, the haven was at hand

"Afrived," he said, gayly.
"Hush! my brother is at home." "The chief fiend," murmured Torelli.

If my lamb so closely resembles a wolf, what will the goat ba?" Continued next week. GARFIELD.

A fine rain yesterday, and the farmers'

are all rejnicing. John Moredock has the boss crop of tobacco in the neighborhood. Rev. Mr. Kimberlin of Tennesce is doing

some able preaching at Freedom this week; and much good is being done. Our friend, Mr. Albert Humbrick; of

smartly burt, but no limbs broken. Miss Polly Dowel, while at church! last Monday, was taken quite sick, and is now lying at the point of death. Much sympathy if manifested in her behalf, as she is one of the most exemplary young ladies that

this county affords. Some one has reported that the wheat crop of this county-Breckenridge-is 94 per centum of a crop. I doubt if reaching

over 60 per cent of the crop of last year. The Seventh-Day Adventists, or Soul Sleepers, have pitched their tubernacle near Union Star. There was no society organized here before they left, as was expected. Some few of the citizens here are

keeping the Jewish Subbath The Baptist church at Lost Run on their meeting for business last Saturday, called Rev. C. M. Buckhanan to take charge of the church. It is not known as

yet, that he will accept the call. The large concourse of people that attended the annual meeting at Freedom number of people from Texas. Among the number was Mrs. Dr. Henry Compton and Lloyd Compton, Mrs. Henry Keener,

#### NAMURT. PREHISTORIC MAN. Discovery of the Skeleton of a Mau Twelve Feet in Height. St. Joseph (Mo.) Garette.

Hon, J. H. Hainly, a well-known and

reliable citizen of Barnard, Mo., writes to

the Gazette the particulars of the discovery of a giant skeleton four miles southwest of the bank of a ravine that has been cut by the action of the rains during the past years. Mr. Hannon worked several days in unearthing the skeleton, which proved to be that of a human being whose height was twelve feet. The head through the temples was twelve inches; from the lower part of the skull at the back to the top was fifteen inches, and the circumference forty inches. The ribs were nearly four feet long, one and three fourth inches wide. The thigh bones were thirty six inches long, and large in proportion. When the earth was removed the ribs shood high enough to enable a man to crawl in and explore the interior of the skeleton, turn around, and come out with ease. The first joint of the greater toe, above the nail, was three inches long, and the entire foot eighteen inches in length. The skeleton lay on its face, twenty feet below the surface of the ground, and the toes were imbedded in the earth, indicating that the body either fell or was placed there when the ground was soft. The left arm was passed around backward, the hand resting on the spinal column, while the right arm was stretched out to the front and right. Some of the bones crumble! on exposure to the sir, but many good specimens were preserved, and are now on exhibition at Barnard. Medical men are much interested. The skeleton is generally pronounced

# NEWS.

VOL. VIII.

It was his jester. Bertuccio, otherwise Rigoletto, "the merrymaker," was humpbacked, dyspeptic, and a professional joker, a threefold afflic-

In the town they said he spat vitriol; at

cruel, cowardly, and evilly disposed. It was an oriental idea to have the wisdom of Æsop in the bideous frame of a mis shapen creature, and it had added to the terror of European courts, where the master was always a tyrant doomed to be poisoned if he let the poppies grow to maturity and exhale their perfume. In his excess of shame and misery, Bertuccio was not allowed to do anything but what would raise a laugh. Other men might now and then grumble as the pleasure prompted them; turrets, as said Saviozzo, the bard of Sienna, the soldier mocked at the rusty rag they called their colors, the gypsy and the beggar sang seditious songs, the galley-

mirth. Manfreds needed no spur to move rapidly in evil courses, but the commonest excuse for his evil acts was to throw the blame of their conception and furtherance on the buffoon. They said right and left corrupted him and brutified him like an

"Ugh! there's our poet, the sweet songman, Dell' Aquila Bianca," muttered he, men in the same occupation. The castle eyeing a group around a handsome gentle-

there the edifices linger, as far as base is the loftiest if worth be the criterion. He are overcharged with the combersome apconcerned, which were flourishing in 1500. has spoken kindly enough to me at times, parel of a fine lady of the age. Her dress Go even now to Faenza with such a pic- but these human frogs," he added with a was a heavy velvet which served merely as and equally as mellifluously now as then. What is he enterwauling? some secret passion. A cunning dog who speaks of heav en rarely lest be offend the Church which is its mistress, and of the Duke never! He's | Indian pearls was inextricably twisted, was

> 'Tis fools trust them only to fall! The day remains sunny-And apes prauce for money; For only him careless of all !"

might have been expected. "And no "Never heed him, Scrafino," said a fel-

sharpness into you, for now you live by a trade you are not fitted for!" the calling of my father! or I should be

"Go to the beasts," cried the noble, in

whilst yours will lead your hanging-back steps to the executioner's knife." The infuriated gallant, who best knew how much of prophesy there lay under the speaker's gibes at his treachery, drew his Turkey blade, but his friends stopped him, while the object of his ire, after a mocking gesture out of the numerous collection which supplies even a dumb Italian with

arming who were to be the escott.

age speedily.

en than befitted a man perhaps not in his fortieth year, but humpbacks, like dwarfs, When, however, there was a loud murmur of salutations, and out from the arcade came the captain of the crossbowmen clinking in gilt and blued steel armor, a squire or two, her negress, and the courtiers who were more particularly attached to her ladyship, Bertuccio left the leopard-

heavy curtains.

"You are only the fool by your coat and

"Nay, I am likely to burn them sole and Verily, the Duchess of Faenza was a woman who should hardly have dreaded a

black cord, its tassels being supplanted by a dagger and a cross. "But I'll trust your love of mischief, not of me," said be. "That's safest! I must know how fares this fancy for the pale Ginevra; mark their meetings and com-

my lord." "Blind men and rich men always have companions. I am a crooked staff to lean upon, but, nathless, he trusts me," returned the fool chuckling, and causing his hump to vibrate, so that the bystanders

She gave him a ring of bloodstone. ceeded in the same undertone. "Pick out a good rider who can reach me in three bours, and count on me as soon to be with you, if-" she paused, ground her strong teeth, but, mastering her passion, pursued coolly enough, "Mark, man, do not write on mere suspicion; let evil thought ripen to

she, with the pride of races.

"To all around him. Python slew more men in his death throes than when he first artacked the Roman army in all his flush of unpricked bide." And he shook his head in warning sol-

She waved her band out of the curtain folds, the buffoon drew back respectfully, and the litter, guarded by a score of mier! a hostile scouting party, so full was the

tower gate was heavily swung to, and murmured as he stowed the jewel in his breast

CHAPTER II.

why do you say arms? You should say

"That were pity," rejoined the jester,

"What! for speaking truth? I cry you

"Pay no heed," cried another fopling, "Hold there," said Bertuccio. "No man

gives his monkey too much rope."

another, who did not feel the healing properties of the philosophy of curing his smart by laughing at the contortious of the

"Tell me," went on the young nobleman where your jester spends his spare time. He disappears daily for a while.

the jester secrets himself. He counts a treasure, or be dabbles in the black art."

"Pish! what say you, angels or devils, men, shall we go and invade the jester's

that night: it was Torelli, The fact was the young gentlemen was thirsty soil on which to east' such drops of comforting hope at philosopher's stone miser's hoard potable gold, the charms of the era in which he flourished his plumes rather than his rapter.

money at play, while the devil of it is that the Duke would eneage me if I won any of his. My purse is not cut out of the wishingcap. and the more I look at it hanging by my side the flatter it seems to be, although to left the grounds by a small gate in the the uninitiated eye the rings of lead and tower, crossed the great' square where the coins of brass plump'it out like a mummy's Cathedral towered, and so by the bridge teeth in an old hag's cheek. It is all very

NO. 5.

He pulled his cap down firmly, pulled

enough advanced without remembering his comrades, into the town to the partly abandoned suburb.

the more I shall walk at my pleasure."

all in the little Haymarket square.

serpent or seraph, which is her own patron!" Her strange devotions ended, all in a

in honor of Old Nick."

comrades, enter this district. To her !"

dainty to repletion in early days."

contents clanked most refreshingly.

religiously, "for which she was praying a valuable relic of the prehistoric race.